From Miss to Mistress.

She who fails Mrs. to change from Miss,
Has Mr. chance of wedding bliss.
—[Cincinnati Gazette.

But she who changes from Miss to Mrs.
Has solved the Mr.y of kisses.
—[Nycum Advertiser.

When a Miss Mrs. to kiss a Mr.y,
A Miss is Maid in modern history.
—[Gorham (N. H.) Mountaineer.

Tho' a Miss, 'tis said, is as good as a mile,
When a Miss misses Mrs. Misters do smile.
—[State.

PIONEER LIFE IN THE NORTH-WEST.

BY JENNIE JONES.

Johnnie was to stupefied too notice the falsity of his brother's logic, as doubtless he would have done at another time, but nevertheless the deprecating manner in which he received it dampened the ardor of Willie a little.

"I do not think much of your plans," said he, "and I do not believe we will ever see home or mother again"

It was a blessed thing, as they afterward knew, that their courage had not been destroyed by taking in the full horror of death by starvation, and fatigue in the woods, or the more blessed, because more speedy, but still terrible thought of being killed by wild beasts.

The little weary feet were soon on their way, and their little faces turned toward the rising sun. Until now, one of the boys had worn a pair of moccasins, and the other a pair of shoes, but thinking that they could travel faster without them, they were removed, and although the ground was hard and frozen, and the little feet were often torn by briers and sticks, they hastened on never minding the pain. Hope rose higher, as they thought at times they could recognize places they had passd the previous day.

It must have been noon when they again came to a large stream, and—wonderful to tell—there was the very same tree on which they had crossed the day before. They knew it by many unmistakable marks, and if any proof were wanting, there were the print of their own feet, and also those of the dogs on the wet sand at the further shore. They re-crossed this stream with more hopeful hearts than they had carried with them to the opposite shore.

An hour or two of rapid walking, and they came to a road—the same they had crossed on their first day out, but much farther from home. A short consultation was held, and they decided not to cross this road but to follow it—but in which direction? The sun was so nearly overhead that they scarcely knew how to follow its guidance. They however, concluded to take an easterly course. They had not traveled more than a couple of miles before they had made up their minds that they were wrong, so back over the same road pattered the little bare feet. This time they kept steadily on their course, until at last the low roof of a building met their view. This, be it remembered was the first sight of a human habitation that had met their view for three days. An older person would have went directly to it and have sought food and rest. Not so did our young wanderers. Willie had once been at McGregor's Landing, (a town on the Mississippi, which still bears the same name,) and although McGregor's was a flourishing young town, and this was only a solitary cabin, he was convinced in his own mind that he was at the former place. It seemed to him afterward, to have been a strange idea, but we have seen that neither of the boys were capable of reasoning.

"That," said he to his brother, "is McGregor's Landing. I know it, because I have been there. The sun must now be about two hours high, and we are five miles from home. If we hurry, we can get there before dark."

Johnnie offered no objection, so back over the same road, for the third time that day did they hurry.

Dusk was gathering around their path, and they were still hurrying on, Willie considerably in advance, and at times, waiting impatiently for his brother to come up, when they were met by some travelers. There were two men driving oxen, and with a wagon loaded with lumber.—There were some traps for game, and a few other articles on the load—how well did the boys remember every detail in after years.

It must have been a strange sight to these men—that of two tattered, weary, and wild looking boys on this lonely road, where seldom a human face was met.

They were hurrying on without speaking, but the men stopped their teams and enquired:—

"Where are you going, boys?"

"We are going home," called out Willie, without stopping or looking around.

"But are you not lost?" inquired one of the men.

"No. We have been lost, but we are going home, now."

"Where do you live?" persisted the man.

"On the Goss place, and it's just ahead," said Willie.

"Then you *are* lost, for that is seventeen miles away, and this road does not lead past there either."

Reluctant as was Willie to stop, Johnnie had halted and he was now obliged to wait for him to come up.

"When did you leave home?" was the next question.

"Three days ago; but if you will not hinder us, we will go on, and will soon be there."

"But I have told you that this road does not lead past your home. If you will go with us, we will care for you to-night, and will take you home in the morning."

To this proposition they offered a stout resistance, saying that their parents would be uneasy about them, and that it was necessary for them to reach home that night.

"That road," said one of the men, "leads to Dunbar's Landing." This was the truth. Then in order to frighten the boys from their wild purpose, they added some terrible stories of negroes and Indians living there and drowning children. All this failed to make the boys content to remain. Just then two other men rode up on horseback, and having heard their story offered to ride on that night, and inform the boys' parents that they were found. But here they entreated to be taken on the horses and carried home.

Seeing how unfit they were for the journey, they were answered that the horses would not carry double, and that they had best go home with the men who had the team, (they living in the cabin whose roof the two boys had seen early in the day,) and remain until morning.

Just then the sound of a horn rang out loud and clear, more than any words could have done, did that sound calm and quiet the excited children, "That is father's horn," they both cried in a breath, and he is looking for us. Let us go to him."

But now, in their calmer state they were ready to listen to reason, and were easily persuaded to return with the teams, while the men on horseback rode with all haste to the place where the horn was heard to sound, a distance of some three miles.—They found that the boys had not been mistaken. It was their father's horn, and that father was overjoyed at the glad news the men had to communicate. Then the firing of three guns in quick succession announced to other searchers that the children were found, and after a short time two more guns told that they were alive, this being the signal previously agreed upon. This was responded to by others. And all through the woods firing was heard, and shouts of joy, as men began to gather and take their homeward way.

Feeling that the weary wanderers were better for a night's rest before being taken home, they were left with the men who had taken them up while the good news was conveyed to the anxious waiters at home.

I have before said that neither hunger or weariness had been realized by the lost children, but no sooner were their excited minds at rest than both began to grow upon them. They laid down on the wagon, and by the time they had reached the home of the men were too stiff and lame to walk, and had to be assisted into the house, and never did a meal taste sweeter than the one of corn bread, salt pork and strong coffee, with which they were provided.

In the morning they were conveyed to their home, where you may be certain a glad welcome awaited them. As friends came out to welcome them, little Johnnie pushed past all, telling them rather crossly to let him alone. He went into the house, and climbing on the first bed he found, covered his face and refused to speak. From that bed it was thought he never would rise. For long days he lay in the delirium of a fever. His limbs were swollen with travel, and scratches and bruises covered his form from head to foot. It seemed evident that had the children spent another night in the woods, their swollen and tired limbs would have refused to carry them further on the next morning, and that only death would have relieved their sufferings.

Years have passed since then. The boys have grown to manhood, and in the changes and chances of pioneer life, and later on in the war of the rebellion, many trials have come to their lot, but in Memories' picture, vivid and distinct above all others stands out the picture of those three days' wanderings' alone, and LOST IN THE WOODS.

A MURDER MOST FOUL.

The following sketch is from the pen of "Brick" Pomeroy, and was originally published in the La Crosse *Democrat*. It is so interesting, and so aptly illustrates life in early times that I take the liberty of using it here:—

"It has been humorously claimed for the average frontier town, as a point in favor of its climatic conditions, that it was necessary to shoot a man for the purpose of starting a grave-yard. While this may be true of La Crosse, a ramble among the tomb-stones and monuments of Oak Grove Cemetery will discover the fact that it was unnecessary to resort to such an extreme measure as an inaugural, its identity was more clearly established by being the burial place of a murdered man.

"In the spring of 1852, a man named David Darst, came to La Crosse from Illinois, bringing with him in his employ, William Watts. Mr. Darst was a man of means, and his object in leaving civilization for the hardships of the frontier is unknown. However, he located on a piece of land in Mormon Cooley, and engaged in farming.

"On the 5th of June, 1852, six or seven weeks after his settlement in the Cooley, his body was found in the bushes by a man by the name of Merryman, stripped of every rag of clothing and tied to a pole which the murderer had used to carry the body from the shanty in which they lived. Merryman was attracted to the spot by the barking of his little dog. He came into town and reported what he had found, and a number of citizens volunteered to go to the Cooley to investigate the matter and try and arrest the murderer, if he could be found. Several parties were arrested but all proved their innocence to the crowd and were released.—On returning to town the man Watts was found with Darst's clothes on his back—even to his shirt and underwear. He had all his household goods, money, two yoke of cattle and everything the man had.—He was arrested and, there being no jail, he was given over to the keeping of a Mr. McShodden, who kept him in his cellar, chained to a post. He evidently belonged to a gang of outlaws, as evidenced from letters received at the post-office for him both before and after his arrest.

"One evening he escaped. The whole plantation turned out to hunt him; boats scoured the river bank in all directions; men on horseback and armed searched the prairie. But they could find no trace of him. Parties of boys were also looking for him. About midnight he was found by the noise of a file he was using to get rid of his chains, by a party of these small boys and taken into custody. He afterward was furnished by his friends with a file and some iron-colored-paste This he used in his "prison" and escaped a second time, and was not found for a long time. He was discovered as a hostler at the Ridge Tavern by a man who had been sent for the mail. The mail-carrier, without appearing to notice him at the time, on his arrival home reported him to the Sheriff, who immediately went out and secured him. A one-story stone jail had been erected by subscription after his first escape. He was incarcerated in this and made his exit through the roof of this institution. A new and stronger roof was put on the building, and a large quantity of stone put loose over the ceiling in such a manner that if he tried again it would fall on him and crush him.

"Watts confessed his crime. He said that as Darst was lighting the fire on the morning of the murder, he struck him on the head with an axe. He had no other reason for the deed than that of securing the money and property of the victim.—At the funeral of Darst, which occurred the Sunday following the discovery of his body, the services were held in a small building on State street, with the murdered man in his coffin and the murderer in chains standing at the head. It was understood very generally, that as the funeral procession left for the cemetery, Watts was to be lynched. The Rev. S. C. Sherwin conducted the services, and, although more than one rope was in the hands of the party, such was his influence over the populace that he prevailed upon them to let law and order take their course.

"A few years afterward a party of gentlemen were attracted to the spot where Merryman's dog had discovered to him the body of Darst by the same animal, and there they found the body of Merryman himself in the icy embrace of death.'

THE DWELLINGS.

"The Great Northwest" in its early days, although a well worked field of speculation, presented but few inducements for the wealthy to bring their families and settle in its untamed wilds. But it was a field of promises rich and rare for the comparatively poor. Here, whispered Hope, you may build yourselves a home, and after a few years of privation, you may attain independence, and, perhaps, wealth. Whatever the case might be in individual cases, this was the light in which it was generally looked upon. The "going to a new country to grow up with it," has always presented a field wherein sturdy ambition might behold visions of honest gain, with a fair prospect of seeing them realized.

The Northwest was settled, therefore, and its lands, rich or poor, subdued and made fruitful, mainly by poor men. They came here, bringing with them stout hearts, and what little means they could gather together, which would all be required to improve the farm, and provide for urgent necessities until something could be raised, or earned by hard labor. There was usually but little to be spared for the dwelling—nor did it matter much so long as comfort was obtained.—All the buildings were alike or nearly alike, and one had no cause to be jealous of his neighbor, or to expend more than he was able, merely to keep pace with another.

The pioneer's dwelling was small, and in all timbered regions was built of logs. Sometimes it was high enough to have an upper floor or chamber, which was reached by means of a ladder; but oftener it was a low, shanty-roofed building, with a window or two, and a single door, while within, there was "kitchen, and parlor, and bed-room, all in one." The furniture was of the simplest kind. There was the home-made bedstead, with its mattress of straw, and patch-work quilts, a few seats sometimes chairs, but generally benches, a pine table, a stove, a few dishes, and not much more.

Does any one suppose that there was no happiness here, or that the small home held no room for hospitality? I do assure you that the pioneer's home, though humble, was far from being unhappy.—There was the stimulus of something worthy to be accomplished, there was abundant hope and faith in the future, and there was an almost total absence of envy, that fruitful source of discontent.

And to this home, no matter how humble, the traveler and stranger was a welcome guest, and was received with open-hearted hospitality. Here, too, was found room for social gatherings, the old-fashioned neighborly visit, the quilting party and dance were of frequent occurrence, and kept alive the fires of Friendship and Good Will.

A home in a marble front, on Fifth Avenue is unquestionably grander, but I doubt if it is really happier than were the homes in log houses of the early pioneers of the Northwest.

THE NEW HOME.

"It did seem rather lonely—the place we were to call home—as we drove up to it one autumn afternoon. We had had a long ride, and had scarcely seen a human face, except those of our own party; since leaving the little village fifteen miles away. What made the place seem more lonely was the fact that it was half a mile or more from the traveled road, but we were, in a measure, comforted by the assurance that it would be changed in time, so as to pass our door.

"We found that our new home was on the banks of a pleasant stream, and when we had arranged our small house, and had time to look around, it began to seem a little more home-like. Our children did not readily take to the new place, but talked constantly of 'going home,' but we older ones, found sufficient to interest us, and were soon too busy to think of being homesick.

"The house was small, and contained but one room, but was warm and comfortable. That winter and the following spring a great many came in to take up land, and as they made our house their home it became necessary to enlarge it, so as to provide sleeping room for them. This was done by raising the roof, and laying a chamber floor. This floor was covered with beds nearly every night, the tired traveler being glad of a place to spread a blanket under the shelter of a roof.

"Not the least of our inconveniences was in the matter of roads and bridges.—It is no trifling matter to be obliged to ford streams often swollen with heavy rains, or half-covered with ice which must be broken before crossing, or to draw heavy loads over unbridged marshes, or rough, uneven roads.

"There was a town organization which comprised as much territory as is now nearly half a county, but the main settlements being in the southern part, and all the officers living there, no attention was paid to the wants of the other part of the town, and no appropriations were made for roads, and not a single bridge was built in this part.

"At last, a man going home one cold night in winter, was obliged to ford Duncan Creek, had his feet badly frozen, so that he was laid up with them until the next spring. Then a stir was made, and the northern part of the town being able to poll a good many votes, some officers were elected who lived here, and improvements were made as fast as practicable, but you all know that it takes time to bring things from a state of nature to a condition fit for the service of man."

Such was something of the experience narrated by a dear lady friend, who is now sleeping in the quiet tomb, and the home here described, was the first one—always pleasant, we may believe, under her gentle influence, in the spot where now stands the white village where I now write.

THE PIONEERS—THEIR TRAITS, HABITS, AND CUSTOMS.

Below I give a brief synopsis of, and extracts from a speech delivered by Hon. Wm. Welch, on the early settlement of Dane Co. Wis.

"The lecturer spoke of the persistent adhesion of original customs and habits, which had existed in old communities, to the new settlements formed by offshoots from the old, and of the influence of those customs upon the growth of the new settlements, and noted the fact that to-day the spirit does not exist which anciently impelled whole races to migrate at once, of which the only parallel in the United States is found in Norman emigration, which has re-produced the peculiarities of the nomadic tribes of antiquity. The true history of the settlement of the great Northwest would form one of the most remarkable pages of the dispersion of the human race. After 1830 the great flow of immigration to the Northwest from the Eastern States and Europe began, which had before been confined mostly to Western New York and Eastern Ohio. This influx was made up of elements remarkable for their dissimilarity and equality: so for the harmony of their union, Chistians and infidels, paupers and millionaires, Jews and Gentiles joining hands for the utilization of our exhaustless mineral and agricultural treasures produced results exceeding the most sanguine expectations. These results were largely due to the liberality of the pioneers of the Northwest in matters of religion. In matters of opinion the Northwest was a "Paradise Regained," and our pioneers determined that intolerance should not make it a "Paradise Lost." The Indian, however, by the law of the survival of the fittest was expelled from his prairies and his forests.

The early settlers represented all shades of opinion and nationality. They were not fugitives from justice, though many of them were fugitives from debts and poverty. In regard to the hundred men who settled in Madison, though many were poor and many were unlettered, Madison has not since contained, and will never contain, another hundred men of more energy and integrity. The greatest unanimity prevailed in matters of public concern. Each loved his neighbor as himself. Each enjoyed liberty of conscience. No man's merit was gained by his wealth. A mean act was reprobated by the perpetrator himself, and in politics strict adhesion to party was the rule.—When old acquaintances met there were strong greetings and rejoicings, for all, with scarcely an exception, were strangers to each other.

Pioneer life was nothing without its fun. The old settlers, thirty or forty at a time used to race for wagers in the public streets. April Fool's day was inaugurated as one of our institutions. The Norwegians were taught to drink in American fashion, by one of our stalwart Connecticut pioneers, who prefaced his lessons in manners by knocking his pupils right and left as they stood barbarously drinking on street corners. There was much exultation at the first products of the soil, in fruit and vegetables, which assured them of the abundant harvests of the future.

Indications that the early pioneers were treading upon the remains of a dead civilization were not wanting, in the shape of sepulchral mounds and prehistoric implements. Of the mound builders, no tradition remained among the Indian tribes. Common men and women must remain ignorant as to the origin of these pre-historic remains and of those who left them, while the learned wrangle and dispute concerning them. The architect of the old Territorial Capital knew as much about these questions as the *literati* who fill the chairs of our universities.

Though usually cheerful, it must not be supposed that the early settlers were never sad or dejected. As the Israelites in the wilderness, sighed for the brick-yards of Egypt, and longed to return and help Pharoah finish Cheops, and to gaze again upon the placid sphynx, so these early pioneers, in hours of gloom, longed to go back even to the stony hills of New England, and Canada thistles of New York. Though a hardy set of men, the pioneers were not exempt from disease.—Fever and Ague were the most formidable ailments, for which quinine and whisky were largely prescribed. Had the villainous compounds of to-day been then used, there would have been a chance for a later generation to make a new settlement of the country."

In conclusion, the speaker paid the following beautiful TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD:

"The pioneer dead need no eulogy from me. Of the pioneers—matured men and women—who made Wisconsin their home while yet a territory, many yet remain, but their days are numbered. In bowing to this inevitable result, there should be no regret. I know of no old pioneer who needs to throw a sob to Cerberus, to appease the rage of that three-headed monster who guards the entrance to Pluto's regions. Our old patriarch, Ebenezer Brigham, the first white settler in Dane county, has a time-defying monument marking the place of his burial at Forest Hill where he is lulled to repose by the gentle pulsations of our lovely lakes.—Where he leads the way, we who remain are not afraid to follow."

A PERPLEXING SITUATION.

We were a party of travelers on our way to our new home, on what was then familiarly known as the "Indian Land," that is, land that had recently been purchased by the Government from the tribe of Winnebago Indians. Day by day we had been leaving improvements and civilization further behind us. Each day the settlements had grown more scattering, the country wilder, more lonely, and to our homesick eyes it had a less inviting look. We were leaving friends and pleasant society far behind us. This life in a new country was an untried experiment, and brave as we tried to be, the prospect did not seem very encouraging.

This, however, was to be our last day on the road. One of our party had been out there, had rented a house owned by an old bachelor who was to board with us, and brought back glowing accounts of the future possibilities of this new region.—The town we had left in the morning was about thirty miles from our new home that was to be. Here we purchased what supplies we thought would be needed the next few weeks, and, tired out with our long journey, were rejoiced with the prospect that it was so near at an end, for we had no doubt that we would rest that night in our new home.

We went on for a few miles over a rough uneven road, but still quite passable.—Then we found that men had been in lately, had fenced and broken several farms, and had left them, probably until the next season. The road on which we were traveling was not "laid out," but cut through the timber wherever the route seemed the most practicable. These new farms, in several instances, lay across the track, and had been fenced so as to oblige the traveler to go around. In turning around these fields, sometimes a road would branch off, and neither of the tracks being little better than a trail, our main guide being "blazed" trees, we were not certain whether we were keeping the right direction or not—but there being no one of whom we could enquire, we kept on our way. We found that the road had been traveled a little at some time. The marshes had been bridged with "corduroy," that is, small poles had been cut and laid closely side by side, and over these our wagon went with a bumpy-jerky motion, which no one can appreciate who has not taken a ride over a corduroy bridge in pioneer times. We came upon, perhaps half a dozen settlers during the day, but all, without exception, were foreigners, who could speak the English language but imperfectly, and they could give us but little information as to our whereabouts, or of the point we wanted to reach.

We were growing more and more fearful that we were on a wrong road, but we had made up our minds to keep on for that day at least, before turning back and traveling the tiresome road over again.—Lower and lower sank the sun in the western sky, and steadily our spirits sank with it. Should we, who were all unused to "roughing it," be obliged to pass the night in an unknown wilderness, with, we knew not what wild and ferocious beasts for company? As the day drew near to a close, but one hope remained to us. The road had been traveled, and must, we reasoned, lead to settlements somewhere. No matter to us now whether it was those we sought or not, but we would keep on as long as we could, and perhaps we might find a shelter and company for the night. We were in a region where marshes were frequent, and it was growing dark. We held a consultation and agreed that we would cross the marsh just ahead, and then if we saw no signs of life we would encamp for the night. Near the farther side the corduroy gave out, but we picked out what we thought to be the best route, and drove on. We were in but a wagon's length of hard ground, when there was a splash, a flounder, and down in the mire went both our horses at once, and the forward part of our wagon was buried to the box in the same treacherous mire. Though in time we became used to such situations, it was then novel and frightening to us. The horses were loosed from the wagon at once, but so deeply had they become embedded in the mire, that what seemed to our frightened senses to be hours, but what, probably, was not many minutes, elapsed before they at last floundered out, muddy and exhausted on to dry land. Though we were truly thankful for the saving of our horses, still the situation was bad enough. Here were we, a band of frightened women and children, with but one able-bodied man in our company, one of our party a delicate invalid, and we all unprepared for, and unused to camping out, the evening cold and frosty, with a storm threatening, our wagon buried in the mire past the hope of our being able to release it by our own exertions, and in no situation for us to occupy as it was, and with help, we knew not how many miles away.

For the want of something better to do we all ascended a little hillock and looked around. The glimmer of a light in the distance caught our eyes! A cry of joy burst simultaneously from nearly every lip, while one or two were too overjoyed to speak! The star of Bethlehem was not hailed with more joy by the shepherds at night than was that bright sign of human life by our terror-stricken band. We did not separate, but carefully marking our course, so that we could return did it prove as we almost feared that it would, a will-o-the-wisp, we followed in the direction of the light. We found a house, with only a woman and child at home, but we, however, received a warm welcome, and cheerful hospitality. We rested well that night, for we learned that we were on the borders of quite a little settlement, whom we found upon acquaintance, to be intelligent, social Americans. We were, as we found the next morning, just about as far from the place we sought as when we set out on the previous morning.

A couple of stout yoke of oxen were required to draw our wagon out of the mire, and procuring a guide, a thing we ought to have done the morning before, we went on our way, and that night slept in our own home.

We soon became accustomed to pioneer life, and learned to enjoy its excitements, its jollity, and in a measure, even its hardships, some of which may, perhaps, furnish material for another chapter.—Through it all we found no situation more perplexing, or were never more fully brought to our wit's end, than were we on that memorable journey, which furnished our first introduction to pioneer life.

WHO PEOPLE NEW COUNTRIES.

Who is it that usually settle new countries? It is an old and true saying that fools never leave the door-yard. The lazy and shiftless stay with their father and mother, eating up their substance, with hardly enough energy to dress themselves; languishing upon fashionable lounges, or grassy lawns; dreaming of a life of rest and a heaven of ease, surrounded with all the comforts which genteel stupidity and utter worthlessness could desire. Again I ask you who is it that settles the great wilderness of life? Who is it that leaves the foreign land to escape starvation, and with perchance his little family, crosses the briny ocean, and imbued with that spirit of determination and indomitable pluck unknown to luxury, but born of human misery, rushes into the trackless forests, scattering broadcast the seeds of civilization, and with strong hands and brave heart, builds in all the grandeur of its harmonious proportions the enduring structure of a well-ordered, useful and happy human life?—Who is it, I ask, that leaves the crowded eastern cities, whose industries are paralyzed, employment contingent, and idleness sometimes inevitable, rather than endure the pain of incurable poverty, and the anguish of undying destitution? It is the young, ambitious, and enterprising. It is those restless spirits who have severed the cramping shackles of eastern fogyism, shaken off old, silly superstitions, the black mantle of intolerance, the sickening odor of puritanic bigotry, and have ceased to worship at the cold shrine of a dead, valueless civilization; whose energies, faculties and powers need more room for action and development; who want fair play, who do not believe that human life is a mystery which no one has a right to fathom, or a conundrum designed to puzzle guessing Yankees; but who do believe that it is a grand and sublime reality, worthy of all study and that every man shall play well his part in Life's great battle. They believe that when God placed man upon the earth, He did not say to him, "Go to sleep and rest until Gabriel's horn shall wake you up" but that He said, "Man, go to work, cultivate the earth, and elevate yourself." In order to cultivate the earth it must be settled. If men desire the regeneration of the world, they cannot accomplish it by staying on Plymouth Rock—they must leave the rock and stir around. If New Englanders desire the civilization of the continent, they will, in order to succeed, have to leave New England. Civilization is easy to carry, but hard to send.

[To be Continued.]